

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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A Lullaby.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

VINE on the tree, timidly clinging,
List to the melody mother tree's singing.
Winds shall not harm thee,
Nor tempests alarm thee—
Mother-pine rocks thee to sleep—
Sweet dreams!

Wee baby bird, safe in your nest,
Cuddled so lovingly 'neath mother's breast,
Sturdy pine hold thee,
Gentle wings fold thee—
Night winds now rock thee to sleep—
Sweet dreams!

Babe in my arms, drowsily cooing,
List to the lullaby mother is wooing,
Shadows soft creeping,
Little stars peeping,
Mother will rock thee to sleep—
Sweet dreams!

Both Proud.

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT.

"OH, I know that, mother. Uncle Ben would help me if I asked him; but I'm not going to ask him!"

Mother looked at her boy with an expression partly of surprise and partly of approval. What was back of Mark's very positive declaration that, no matter how badly he might need money to take him through this last year at the academy, he never would seek it from Uncle Ben?

"Would it be any better if I were to have a talk with him, Mark? He might speak of helping you then of his own accord."

"No, sir, mother! Don't you do it! I wouldn't have you for the world! I'll make it all right, myself. There'll be something I can do round town, I know, to earn the money. I'm going to look about this week and see. Anyhow, don't you even let Uncle Ben know I haven't a million dollars!"

Still wondering, Mrs. Blakely carefully felt her way on.

"You and Uncle Ben have always been the best of friends, I know. He is a good man, and he is your father's brother!"

"You haven't heard me say anything against Uncle Ben, have you, mother? No, nor you won't. He's all right. The only thing is, I'll never ask him for a single thing—not even for a ride behind his old white horse!"

Somehow that last expression led to the heart of the secret Mark was cherishing in his mind. And the story ran somewhat along these lines.

Trudging on his three-mile trip back and forth from home to the academy, in the little town, Uncle Ben one day overtook Mark and drove straight past him, bowing his head and smiling, but saying nothing about giving him a lift over the dusty road. Mark felt a bit hurt about it, for Uncle Ben had no load that day, and there was plenty of room on the seat by his side.



By J. H. Field.

MOTHER AND MOTHER'S BOY.

The next time he met his uncle the old man said:

"I didn't ask you to get in and ride with me the other day, Mark!"

Hardly knowing what to say, the words stumbled from his lips that it was all right. He knew how to walk, and could do it.

"Maybe you wondered why, Mark?"

That left Mark in still deeper water, and he waited.

"I'll tell you why, Mark. I have learned some things in my life, and one of them is, that anything that is worth having is worth asking for!"

"He just thought he would make me beg that ride of him, mother! Don't you see? And I wouldn't do it; and I never will!"

Mother smiled at the positive declaration, and a bit of pride went through her heart. Mark probably was right as to the thought which lay at the foundation of Uncle Ben's action that day; but she did not think it wise to say it just now.

"We must not forget Uncle Ben's life when he was a boy, Mark!"

It was Mark's turn to smile now.

"Yes, he likes to get us boys together and tell us how he was bound out till he was one-

and-twenty, and wouldn't stay bound, but ran away and started out for himself. 'Course Uncle Ben has done well, and made a lot of money, but he's welcome to it, for all of me. I won't ask him for a cent of it!"

Mother had the whole situation before her now. On the one hand was her husband's brother, proud of the fact that without any help, save his own unaided strength and brain and will, he had risen to be one of the first men of the township, a man respected by all who value business success and integrity, while on the other was her son, sensitive, determined to gain an education, and yet face to face with an empty pocketbook, and the school year just about to begin. True, he had succeeded in earning some money through the vacation, by working for a neighboring farmer, but that would all be needed to pay for the clothes he needed and some books he must have. What was left, would all go for tuition.

And Uncle Ben knew Mark's need along this line. That was proven by a bit of conversation not many days before Mark and his mother were having their heart-to-heart talk. "This is your last year at the academy, isn't it, Mark?"

"I hope so, uncle, if I get along as well as I have!"

"Need anything, my boy, to make that sure?"

"Why?"

"Clothes or anything?"

"I got a suit the other day, uncle. I'm all right that way!"

"Or books?"

"I think I have the money for those, uncle!"

So it ran on, but Mark fought shy, and Uncle Ben, smiling shrewdly, drove on.

"Glad you're doing so well, Mark! Nothing like being independent—nothing does a chap more good than to fight his own battles! I always had to do it when I was young!"

Mark thought the story of the bound boy was on the old man's lips, but he was not to be detained for that just then. He would have listened very earnestly had the story been forthcoming, for in his uncle's fight he could not help seeing the same sterling character shining out which now led people to look up to him as one of the foremost men of the locality.

At the time of this conversation Mark was on his rounds of the town, in search for a position of some kind which would enable him to pay his board and room rent for the fall term at the academy. It was a fruitless quest. Always some one had been just ahead of him.

"If I had known about you a day or two ago," one man said, "I would have been glad to have given you the place. Just engaged a young chap, though. I'm sorry, Mark. I didn't know you ever did work of this kind!"

Mark thought with a bit of misgiving that it was a fact that he never had felt that he could bring himself to do that particular kind of work until now; but it was a feeling mingled with a good degree of pride.

"They all seem to think that our folks are a little mite too good for that sort of thing," he said to himself. "Don't care, we're as good as the best of them, right now, if I am looking for most any kind of a job this year!"

And Mark did not give up until he had found something to do. His experience those few days gave him many a heartache, and not a few good laughs. It took him into all sorts of places, and brought him into

contact with all sorts of men and women. He wondered sometimes if he would not lose faith in people. This was particularly true when he would be fairly turned from the door with a cross word and a look on the face that cut a deep furrow into his sensitive soul. But the sting would all go away, perhaps, when at the very next place he would meet one who had a big heart and a kindly word for him in his quest.

"I will know a lot more about folks, anyway, when I am through with this, mother. But it won't hurt me. I don't care half as much about being turned off as I did. They have just about got to hit me a good whack right over the head, now. Rather they would than to do some things they do, though!"

It was evident that Mark was not getting a great deal of fun out of it at best.

"I've made it at last, mother," he smiled one evening, hurrying into the house after a long day's tramp. "I'm going to wait on tables in a big down-town restaurant. I didn't think I ever would come to that, but they say it's a good place, clean and a good class of people. You don't think I have done wrong, do you, mother? No liquors there, nor anything like that, you know!"

And they talked it all over, hoping that only good would come from this brave venture at self-support.

Mark was a bit nervous the first few days, naturally. It was all so new. Carrying heavy trays of food was a thing he never had done before in his life.

"But I'll get used to it soon, mother. I can do it as well as anybody, and I will, too!"

He was more troubled than usual, however, the day he looked down the table and saw Uncle Ben sitting there! That was enough to make him nervous. Why should he be, however? This was honest and honorable. He almost wished somebody else might serve Uncle Ben, though! That duty came to him, in spite of his secret wish, and he never forgot the surprised look on the old man's face when he looked up and met the flushed cheeks of his nephew turned toward him.

"You here, Mark? What in the world!"

"It surely is me, uncle!" Mark's grammar forsook him then, surely. So also did the little nerve he had left when he came back from the kitchen with a great load of well-filled dishes. How his heart did thump now! He tried to still its beating with the assertion that Uncle Ben never did anything more worthy than this. Anyhow, he was earning his board and his room-rent!

Why was it that half a cup of the coffee Mark was trying so hard to set down by Uncle Ben's plate should be spilled all over the old man's coat? That was the worst thing he ever had done so far, and he tried to excuse himself. Uncle Ben wiped it off, and not a frown ruffled his face.

"Don't you care about that a mite, Mark. Accidents will happen in every well-regulated family. It never will show! See, it's all gone now!"

That was certainly good of Uncle Ben! Nobody could know how grateful Mark was to him for it. Who besides a man with a great big heart would have been so kind and considerate under such circumstances!

Mark went on with his work, feeling happier by far than he ever had been since coming to that place. Uncle Ben knew the world, and he did not seem to blame him for having taken even this humble place.

"Why should he, though?" he asked him-

self. "It is just as manly as working in a bank so far as I can see!"

Uncle Ben had finished his meal now and was standing out by the door, beckoning to Mark. When Mark was by his side he whispered:

"Mark, I've got a better job than that for you! You and your mother come up and stay with me this year! We'll have just the best time you ever saw! You can wait on me and the rest of the folks just all you have a mind to, and I don't believe you will ever be sorry! I really don't just like this, do you?"

Mark never could tell just what he said in answer to that question. Perhaps that did not matter so much. The chief thing is to know that there was a big and a happy family up at Uncle Ben's all the rest of that year, and for a good many years after that.

And Uncle Ben and Mark never quite got over being proud of some things that had come into their lives. Why should they?

How Clever Mothers Are!

BY LOUISE M. HAYNES.

I WONDER how the mother hen
Knows what her chickens say;
I listened hard, but I can't tell,
Although I tried all day.

And when my little kitty mews,
Her mother seems to see
Just what to do to comfort her;—
It's wonderful to me.

But my own mother's just the same
And knows the thing to do,
It seems so very queer to me,—
Now doesn't it to you?

Mother's Fairy.

BY MARY EVANS NOYES.

T WAS a busy morning at Mrs. King's. So many things seemed needing attention at once. "Oh, dear," she thought, "shall I ever get my work all done?" And although she tried to keep her face smiling and bright, a worried look crept into her soft brown eyes.

Lucy, the little eleven-year-old daughter of the house, was making ready to start early for school, remembering the bird's nest which she and Mildred Snow were going to see just back of the schoolhouse.

"I'm almost sure the eggs are hatched by this time," she told her mother. "Mildred and I have been watching them ever so long."

Mrs. King looked up from her work to answer her little daughter, and it was then that Lucy saw the worried look in the loving eyes.

"I wonder," she thought, "if I can't help mamma more this morning. Mildred won't mind if we don't see the nest until noon," and she quietly slipped off upstairs.

Softly she stepped into her brother's room, where she neatly made his bed, tidied his bureau, and straightened the rugs which he, in his haste, had neglected to do.

Then she passed on to her mother's room, which she set in order.

"There," she said, "here's Robert's sweater which he asked mamma to mend. I'm going to do it and surprise her, she looks so tired. It may rest her a little to find it done."

So her little fingers busily plied the needle, and when the first bell for school rang the sweater was neatly darned and a happy little girl skipped gaily off for school.

When Mrs. King had finished her work downstairs she glanced hurriedly at the clock.

"Just time now to make the beds before I get the dinner," she thought as she wearily climbed the stairs.

"Why," she exclaimed aloud in her surprise as she went from one room to another, "some little fairy has done this work. Now I've time to mend Robbie's sweater."

She found the sweater mended. "There is really time to rest for fifteen minutes," she thought, lying down at once to make the most of the unexpected leisure.

When Lucy came home she found a rested and grateful mother awaiting her.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, "I've had just the happiest time at school. The forenoon has seemed so short!"

"Perhaps you've met my little fairy," mamma laughingly answered, "for surely one has been at work in my rooms this morning," and Lucy, remembering her morning's work, held up a happy face to receive her mother's loving kiss.

O Mother, with your Seven Sons.

BY MARTHA B. THOMAS.

THOSE brave old hands, that sunny face,
That smile wherein the laughter runs,
Wrinkles that ripple from the heart,
O mother, with your seven sons.

Your feet have trod a thousand miles
To help your sons grow into men,
What if they grope at threshold's rise?
What if they falter, now and then?

Your gift to make the world grow strong
Is richly wrought: your seven sons
Have found the secret of your heart,
The smile wherein the laughter runs.

Die Kleine Mutter.

BY KILBOURNE COWLES.

THEY all forget—they all forget. I am the only one to remember," murmured the Kleine Mutter sadly after the last one of her children had left home for the business of the day. She lifted her snowy apron to her eyes for a moment, and then resolutely turned to her household tasks. The brave Kleine Mutter never took much time for her own repinings when there were always so many things she could do for the comfort of her family.

"Kleine Mutter," that was what Heinrich had called her since the first day he, a proud young father, had taken the tiny Karlchen tenderly in his strong arms, and marking time with military step across the little chamber, had softly crooned into the baby ears:

"Müde bin ich, geh' zur Ruh',
Schliesse beide Auglein zu."

"Weary now to rest I go,
Close my little eyelids so."

Singing to his eldest born in the same sweet tenor that he had sung to her, when, boy and girl, they gathered the grapes side by side on the hills above the Rhine.

It was natural, she told herself, that the girls should not more often speak of their father, for they were very little when he died. But Karl—Karl should remember—Karl who with boyish eagerness had helped his father make a home in the new land. She knew how busy a man he was now. He was too full of pressing daily affairs to

have much time for the past, she reminded herself, and her eyes sparkled as she thought how proud Heinrich would have been could he have lived to see his Karlchen eloquently pleading law cases in the very court where he himself had been granted American citizenship. Yet it made her heart heavy that the morn of Heinrich's birthday should come, and not one of his children should speak of him.

Again the white apron went to the misty eyes, and then with a sigh, and with the words of Heinrich's old German song echoing through her mind, the Kleine Mutter carefully set her darning needle in Karl's sock, and smiled drolly because it was silken. As she worked she pictured Heinrich, home from his day's toil, marching up and down the floor singing in his clear and gentle voice to the youngest baby.

In the early dusk of the winter afternoon, before the girls had returned from their late classes, she heard Karl's latchkey in the door. Thinking he had come for an hour's quiet in his study before the evening dinner, she did not go to him until the sound of a new record on the phonograph he had given her for Christmas made her drop her work with a little gasp, and run excitedly into the living room.

"Müde bin ich, geh' zur Ruh',
Schliesse beide Auglein zu,"

rang the old words sweet and true.



By G. Horlin.

A PEASANT MOTHER.

"Oh, Karl, it is his song, your father's song! You do remember, my Karlchen?" she cried.

And Karl, big and strong as his father had been, put his arm around her with shy tenderness and drew her close.

"I always remember him, and to-day is his birthday, Kleine Mutter."

Fun.

IGNORANT TEACHER.

"What did you learn at school to-day, dearie?" asked the mother of little Mabel when the child returned from her first day at school.

"I didn't learn anything," was Mabel's disgusted reply. "There was a woman there that didn't know a single thing. I had to tell her everything."

IN CLOSE COMPANIONSHIP.

Little Mary, who often appears in *Lippincott's Magazine*, had been sent to the store to get some fly paper. She was a long time in returning, and her mother began to feel anxious. Going to the door, she spied the little girl coming up the street, and called:

"Mary, have you got the fly paper?"

"No, mother," replied Mary; "it's got me, but we are coming together."

Youth's Companion.

THE BEACON

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From the Editor to You.

Courtesy. An interesting experiment was recently made in Cleveland by a young woman, who went about asking various business firms for a position. She stopped at every big establishment on the leading business street of that city. "I wanted a position," she said, "but I wanted more to see how I would be treated." She tells that the more important the person was whom she interviewed, the more courteous was the treatment she received. If by any chance she was directed to the president of a big business, he took time to ask careful questions about her training and her aims. It is the busy people who often have time for the truest courtesy.

Some of the actions which we call good manners are the result of careful training, yet one who has not learned all the social customs may still give evidence of a fine sense of what is fit in dealing with other people. A young man once sat down in a desk chair usually occupied by a lady, to talk with a gentleman at a desk opposite. While he was so engaged, the lady came in, and he did not rise. It was a failure in courtesy. Yet the young man was good-hearted, and the good heart ought always to work out into thought and action, if true courtesy is really an expression of kindness of heart. One need not be too much engrossed with the manner of its expression, but he should be eager to put into even the least of his dealings with people the kindness toward them which he really feels.

Sunday School News.

The school of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church at Providence is divided into Upper and Lower schools, the first meeting at 9.45 and the second during the hour of the church service. A group of pupils ten and eleven years of age attend both sessions. Their work is made so varied and attractive that the entire class was eager and interested during the closing instruction period of the two-and-a-half-hour session, when the Editor visited the school. The memory work of the Upper school given during the closing service and the marching closing exercises in the Lower school were especially noteworthy. The instruction in the classes visited was excellent and the pupils were attentive. The boys of one class were engaged in a written examination, which went on in an orderly fashion without supervision. The excellent work of this school was developed by Miss Mary Lawrence, who is superintendent and parish assistant.

THE BEACON CLUB

Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

TORONTO, ONT.,
13 Elgin Avenue.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and church in Toronto.

On Wednesday, December 30, our Sunday school is going to have a Christmas concert and I am going to recite two pieces. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. Our Superintendent's name is Mr. Byfield. He is very nice.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you and all who read *The Beacon*. I wish you success.

Your new friend,

GENEVA AIKENS.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Dear Miss Buck,—I live about ten miles from Seattle, and go to school on an auto stage. As we live so far out of Seattle, I am not able to go to Sunday school as I would like to. We are living in a tent, and I like it very much out here. We live at Briarcrest, and call our place "Fernbank," because there is a pretty ravine near us. I would like to become a Beacon Club member. An interested reader,

AMABEL KENNEDY.
(Age 11 years.)

HARVARD, MASS.

Dear Editor,—Every week *The Beacons* for our Sunday school come to me and I distribute them on Sunday. I am eleven years old and there are six in our class; they enjoy *The Beacon* very much.

We have two or three Winter Picnics in the Town Hall and every one joins in the games.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR S. BIGELOW.

LYNN, MASS.,
115 Green Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Universalist Sunday school. Our superintendent is Mr. Barney. I like him very much. And my teacher's name is Miss Johnson. We all like her very much.

I am nine years old. I have a little sister who is five years old, and also a big brother, who goes to Phillips Academy, Andover. We have good times together.

My Aunt gave me *The Beacon* for a Christmas present, and now I get it every week. I hope that you will let me join the Beacon Club.

Yours sincerely,

ALVIN GAY STEVENS.

Letters have also been received from J. Mortimer Collins (9) and Dana Humphrey (6), both of Lynn, Mass.; Alice Knothe (7), Ridgewood, N.J.; Gertrude Collins (9), Mat-tapan, Mass.; Deborah Root, Elsie Umpleby (10), Earl D. Aldrich, and Wiley Aldrich, all of Uxbridge, Mass.; Doris B. Edwards, Millbrook, Mass.; Frederic F. Kushner, Staten Island, N.Y.; Helen Kessler (11), Helena, Mont.; Charlie Arrand, Hopedale, Mass.; Herbert A. Patterson, Dudley F. Collier (9), and Winston Carr, all of Billerica, Mass.; Martha Elson, Quincy, Ill.; Carlisle Willard, Hyde Park, Mass.; Eleanor La Monte (8), St. Louis, Mo.; Helen Sise, West Medford, Mass.; Esther Dunham (8), Brookline, Mass.; Emily Ashley, East Boston, Mass.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXIII.

I am composed of 31 letters, and form a well-known proverb.

My 1, 5, 26, 25, 29, 8, is gain.

My 30, 16, 12, 28, 20, 10, is a kind of glove.

My 2, 3, 14, 27, is part of a house.

My 4, 6, 18, is an animal.

My 21, 19, 31, 17, 24, is a demonstrative pronoun.

My 7, 23, 15, 11, 9, is a mountain.

My 13, 10, 15, is a small hotel.

GRACE LUSTIG.

ENIGMA LXIV.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, is something that every man honors.

My 16, 17, 18, 19, is a girl's name.

My 2, 14, 7, 12, 9, 16, is a boy's name.

My 13, 9, 6, 12, 14, 16, is a name for a girl.

My 8, 9, 10, 11, is on top of a mountain.

My 3, 1, 6, 8, is something with a sting to it.

My 11, 9, 14, 8, is what some people want to do with their money.

My 15, 4, 2, 11, is what women can do better than men.

My 8, 4, 5, is what the grocer likes to have his customers do.

My whole is a motto.

QUENTIN McCaffrey.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in gray, but not in black.

My second is in screw, but not in tack.

My third is in ocean, but not in land.

My fourth is an arm, but not in hand.

My fifth is in come, but not in go.

My sixth is in sleet, but not in snow.

My seventh is in rat, but not in mouse.

My eighth is in shanty, but not in house.

My whole is a study in school, you'll see,

When you've succeeded in solving me.

RUTH W. MORTON.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Change to send forth into a tiny thing; into a brief paragraph; into the opposite of eternity.

2. Change a fall flower into a bold look; into a sign of grief; into fixed charges.

3. Change domestic into a companion; into like things moving together; into an article of food.

4. Change the storming of an army into a rock; into musical sounds; into notice.

Youth's Companion.

"MAN" GAME.

1. Man to be avoided.

2. Traveling man.

3. Man of the wood.

4. Physician.

5. Library man.

6. Fighting man.

7. Oarsman.

8. Man in charge of football team.

9. Porcelain man.

10. Sailor.

11. Hebrews' man of the desert.

12. Chinese man.

13. The white man.

14. Musical man.

HERMANN H. HOWARD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 30.

ENIGMA LVII.—Berlin Unitarian Sunday School.

ENIGMA LVIII.—Serve the Lord with gladness.

ENIGMA LIX.—Trailing Arbutus.

A DIAMOND.—S

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BEHEADINGS.—1. D-ale. 2. D-rake. 3. D-ark. 4. D-art. 5. D-rum. 6. D-ire. 7. D-evil. 8. D-rank. 9. D-ear. 10. D-over.

A LETTER PUZZLE.—Aeroplane.